

For you in my respect are all the world.

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The *Doue* pursues the *Griffin*, the milde *Hinde*
Makes speed to catch the *Tyger*. Bootlesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleuee,
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mischief. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue so well. *Exit.*
Ob. Fare thee well *Nymph*, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou shalt see him, and he shall seeke thy loue.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee giue it me.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where *Oxslips* and the nodding *Violet* growes,
Quite ouer-cannop'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet muske roses, and with *Eglantine*;
There sleepes *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a *Fairy* in.
And with the iuyce of this Ile streak her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue;
A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a disdainfull youth: annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he espies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall do so, *Exit.*

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a *Fairy* song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds,
Some warre with *Reremise*, for their leathern wings,
To make my small *Elues* coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous *Owle* that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges, be not scene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our *Fairy* Queene.
Philomela with melody,

Sing in your sweet Lullaby.

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Newer harme nor spell, nor charme,
Come our lonely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.

2. Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not neere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomela with melody, &c.

1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aloofe, stand Centinell.

Shee sleepes.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true Loue take:
Loue and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lis. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in y woods,
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'll rest vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.

Lys. O take the fence sweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchang'd with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much bestrew my manners and my pride;
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the Forrest haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,

One whose eyes I might approue
This flowers force in stirring loue.
Night and silence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping found,

On

On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty soule, the dust not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtisie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let loue forbid
Sleepe his seate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberon*.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chase,
The more my prayer, the lesse is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, wherefore she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monster, stie my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground;
Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,
Lysander, if you liue, good sir awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent *Helena*, nature her shewes art,
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* still loues you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauens for a *Doue*?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their season;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserue this scorne?
If not enough, if not enough, yong man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deserue a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.
Oh that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.*

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And neuer maist thou come *Lysander* neere;

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leaue,
Are hated most of those that did deceiue:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
To honour *Helena*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.*

Her. Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Aye me, for pittie; what a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.
Lysander, what remou'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
Speake of all loues; I found almost with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous conuenient
place for our rehearfall. This greene plot shall be our
stage, this hauthorne brake our tyng house, and we will
do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter quince?

Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottome*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and
Thisby, that will neuer please. First, *Piramus* must draw a
sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.
How answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleue we must leaue the killing out, when
all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well.
Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say,
we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Piramus*
is not kill'd in deede: and for the more better assurance,
tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottome* the
Weauer; this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it shall
be written in eight and fixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be ascar'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selues, to
bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most
dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde
foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke
to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not
a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and haue his face
must be scene through the Lyons pecke, and he himselfe
must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect;
Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would
request